## FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

Chancellorsville-Sedgwick's Movement.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I am a subscriber to THE TRIBUNE, and have read with deep interest the battle sketches which have been contributed to its columns. It seems to me that those who were actually engaged should be able to give a better account of a fight than those who were merely lookers on. Permit me to take up High Private J. Huntington's account of the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., (which appeared in The Treatne of June 7th.), where he stopped. I, too, have often thought it strange that the Union army received such a threshing at Chancellors vine and Salem Church. Bad management somewhere must, I think, have been the cause, as brayer men never shouldered a gun than fought on that bloody field. It was thoroughly a bloody battle, and victory should have been ours, but by some mistake General Hooker was not commander of a corps on that memorable day, but the com-mander of a great army. He fought a corps well, and was a brave and good soldier, hard to excel as a corps commander, but it seems to me that the management of a large army was beyond his grasp. On the morning of May 1st, my brigade, which was the First brigade, First division, Sixth Army Corps, shouldered our knapsacks with eight days' rations and sixty rounds of cartridges, all eager to meet the enemy, and glad indeed to get | One Bloody Incident of the Famous Morgan Raid away from the monotony of camp life. We marched the first day to a point near the Rappahannock River, where we rested over night, and orders were read to us to the following effect: The general commanding wishes to say that we now have the enemy in a position in which he will have to come out and fight us on our own ground, or ingloriously surrender. He hopes every officer and private will do his duty, and, if he does, the enemy will be ours. Cheer after cheer rang through the air after the reading of this order, and all seemed anxious for the fray, and confident of

THE ASSAULT ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

Some eight or ten miles below Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, on the night of the 2d, we crossed the river unmolested, save by a few sharpshooters, who killed several of our officers, and on the morning of the 3d our lines were formed, and everything was in readiness before daylight made its appearance. General Sedg-wick, our corps commander, gave the command, forward," to the division on the left, while the rest of the army was held in reserve. About one mile in the rear of Fredericksburg are the memorable Marye's Heights, which we had charged on the December before, upon which occasion we got badly whipped. We did not want a repetition of that experience, when the Sixth Corps lost some six thousand men killed and wounded. At the crest of the height, which was fortified, we were received by a volley of grape and canister. "Forward, double-quick!" rang through the air, while the rebel cannon belebed forth their deadly misslies, "Steady," was the word given by our officers. As we neared the works we were received by a volley of musketry. Then came the word, "Onward," which was faithfully obeyed. Soon we mounted the parapets and turned the enemy's guns on them as they were fleeing before us. Many a poor fellow bit the dust then and there. Victory was ours, but much to our surprise we were permitted to leave the enemy's guns unspiked behind us, and ordered to follow the enemy up the plankroadleading from Fredericksburg to Salem Church.
"Forward" seemed to be the only order for four miles. "We have got them this time," was often shouled by the boys, as they steadily drove the rebs from every point, until Salem Church was ment followed. When about three miles out reached. There we met them in force. Our regi- we arrived at the little hamlet of Hardenburg, ment fronted the church, and when some thirty yards distant from it I happened to look up and saw the upper windows of the church full of muskets pointed directly at company E. I recognized the situation at once, and shouted aloud, "Fire into the windows!" Quicker than I can write, three hundred bullets passed from our guns into or through the open spaces in the brick walls left for the windows, and they soon cleared them of the enemy's muskets. I visited the place months afterwards, and at that time the effect of the musket balls was still clearly visible. But, at this stage of the contest, General Hill, with forty thousand men, came down like an avalanche upon | 1 General Sedgwick's command. We had supposed General Hooker was driving General Hill before him at Chancellorsville, some six miles to our right, but instead of that, he and his command had recrossed the Rappahannock and left General Sedgwick with his corps to be overwhelmed by Lee's

HILL'S FLANK ATTACK. The battle raged botly and furiously from early on that Sunday morning, May 8, until II a. m. During the entire time we had been driving the enemy before us, but at this juncture General Hill's re-enforcements arrived and routed us at every point. The First division, composed principally of Pennsylvania and New Jersey troops, big fellow immed against the on the left and suffered the most. The First brigade, which was composed of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifteenth, and Twenty-third New Jersey, lost in killed and wounded nearly one man out of every three. Some of the New York troops, who fought like tigers beside their comrades from Pennsylva-nia, suffered greatly. In fact, Sedgwick's entire corps came near going to Richmond as prisoners, for, with all his generalship, had not night come fortunately succeeded, under cover of the darkness, in recossing the river, with artillery and wagon-wheels wrapped in blankets to prevent them making any noise. The morning of the 4th found Sedgick's corps on the north side of the river, with Hooker's command miles away. Why it was that General Hooker withdrew his command on the night of the 2d, and left Sedgwick to fight alone on the 3d, has always been a mystery to a large part | for in blue can tell the reason, doubtless thousands who fought in that battle will be glad to see it stated in the columns of THE TRIBUNE. Quite early on Sunday morning, while lying near the river, Lieutenant James Budd, of company F. Twenty-third N. Y. V. L., an old friend of mine, who and just returned from leave of absence on account of a wound received at the former battle of Fredproposed that we should go to the river near by and bathe. "I think we are going to have a hard fight to-day," said he, "and I feel as though I should be killed or badly wounded," and he requested me should his fears be realized, to see that his remains were taken home, offering, at the same time, to render a similar service for me. Later in the day, during the fight, "Captain Smith is wounded," came from the orderly sergeant of his company. "I will lead you," was Lieutenant Budd's reply, with one arm hanging at his side, shattered by a bullet. He jumped to the head of his company with uplifted sword, but only to relie to the Editor National Tribune: ecive four bullets in his body. Unhappily I could not fulfill my promise. Another incident of the battle: At the church, which was a small structure, company E ordered some twenty rebels to surrender. This they did, and, as I gave the order for them to march to our rear, a rebel captain shouled, "Surrender, you Yankee devils!" Looking around I found that I, with a few others and been left alone. An order to fall back had been given and we had not heard it. There seemed but ittle chance of escape, but Private Wm. Malsbury, of company E, suggested that we make the attempt and, amid a volley, we made a dash through the woods, which were on fire. As he turned to call to

BROWN'S MILLS, N. J. ANOTHER NEW JEESEY SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

H, First New York light artillery, concerning the affair of Peeble's Run, and, although I can't answer any of his questions, still I ought to know some things, for I was with the Second Corps on the last day of March, 1865, at which time the old Third Corps had been so reduced in numbers that for some months previous to that time we had formed the Fourth division of the Second, and I know that from the crossing of the Rapidan, May, 1864, and in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and other little skirmishes like them.

low; for I served on detached service with them fifteen months, and went back to my regiment just last letter, and proceeded up the stream, twelve after Spottsylvania, fighting the battles of Chancel-miles to a cut-off leading into the Arkansas River. lorsville, Gettysburg, and Spottsylvania with it. Well do I remember Chancellorsville. They say ing course, sixty miles to Arkansas Post. Here the we were whipped there, but we never knew it troops landed on the 11th, late in the afternoon, until we read of it. On that Saturday afternoon, May 2, 1863, when we came up, we were for fighting, but the rear of the works. Some skirmishing, with an it seemed we were not needed, so we went into park about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the old Chancellorsville House, and just before sundown, as things were getting more easy at the front, we were ordered to unhatch and unharmess—for the night, as we thought. I remember well the rear of the works. Some skirmsning, with an occasional exchange of artillery, occurred while this movement was in progress. At daylight on the 12th Captain Porter brought his ironclads fairly into range, and at 7 a. m. he opened fire—the works having in the meantime been completely invested. For the night, as we thought. I remember well day—the came opened in sevious current all along that while this was going on the bands at the front day—the game opened in serious earnest all along were playing "Yankee Doodle," "Hall Columbia," our entire line just after Porter gave the signal, Suddenly, however, this was all changed. We | and continued with an unceasing roar of all arms had the picket rope stretched on the caissons and until the rebels, at 3:30 p. m., sent up a white flagwere leading our horses to it, when a new racket surrendering unconditionally, was heard at the front. Instead of music of the The following extracts also mount," and "Trot, march," and away we went at for the front—the Third Corps to the rescue! In-

pieces and caissons on the field. Some were just driving out the horses, others had the limbers of their pieces, and there was one caisson on which was a wounded officer supported by some of his comrades. They claimed the right of way. I don't know what the captain said, but in some way he made them understand that the checking of the rebel advance was of more importance than the welfare of one man, and on we went, taking a position on the left of the road, perhaps a quarter of a mile beyond the Chancellorsville House. Our right piece rested on the road, and at the first fire the guner was killed by a solid shot from a rebel gun planted on the road in front. I think his name was Branigan. By this time it was getting dark, and the flash from the rebel piece was all that could be seen, but the sergeant of our right piece gave them his compliments in the way of a solid shot, and they flashed no more. We gallant fight you have made of it,' was Sherman's prompt response. No palladins of medieval chivaging in kindly inquiries as to their personal welfare.

In the first fire the guner was killed by a solid shot from a rebel guner was killed by a solid shot, and they flashed no more. We gallant fight you have made of it,' was Sherman's prompt response. No palladins of medieval chivaging in kindly inquiries as to their personal welfare.

Novem before in the histogreat to possible with the intensive of the fire bilder of the importance in the way of a solid shot, and they flashed no more. We gave them a few rounds during the night, occasion-like them is compliments in the way of a solid shot, and they flashed no more. We gave them a few rounds during the night, occasion-like them the contract to report to him. On the line first hand there first heaved to fit the inchange of the receining the general Nector of the enemy's lines was for the ineating the provided of the fortification just in time to witness the surrender; but a squad to officers riding received the series of the instead of the fortification just in time to gave them a few rounds during the night, occasion-ally, and they cooled off till morning. In the mean-time we threw up small earthworks for each piece. The next morning—Sunday—a fine May morning, they come for us heavily, charging us in solid lines three times, but were as often driven back to the cover of the wood to reform, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. We held our ground until every shot in our caisson (shot, sheil, and canister) was exhausted, and the captain quietly ordered "Limber to the rear," which was executed as if at battery drill, for we supposed we had whipped the rebels—and I think so yet. But pardon me, Mr. Editor; I had no intention of trespassing so much on your time when I began, but I should like to hear from any of the old comrades

of battery D that remember me.

HENRY C. HICKERSON,
YONKERS, N. Y. Serg't, Co. A, 11th N. J. Vols.

A FATAL PANIC.

in Indiana.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Your paper is invaluable as a chronicler of the personal and minor incidents of the war, and now that nearly twenty years have passed since the close of that great struggle, reminiscences have becon of greater interest than history to the participants and survivors. Permit me the use of your columns to relate an occurrence, which I have never seen in print, beyond the brief newspaper mention that

rean's raid into that State in 1863.

was made of it at the time, but which remains a

painful remembrance in the minds of many of the people in Indiana, and is a part of the history of

I may not be able to faithfully tell the story, beause, before the individual experiences of the men ngaged could be related and compared, and crystallized into tangibility and accuracy, the men themselves were sent home to various parts of the State, and the incident was lost sight of in the shadow of the great events that were transpiring at the front.

A boy of less than fifteen, I left the harvest field on the 10th of July, 1863, with a Home Guard company, of which I was a member, to meet the bold nyader. Arriving at Indianapolis we were organized on the 11th, by General Carrington, into the One Hundred and Fifth State Legion, as the militia of that State were designated, and put under command of Kline G. Shryock as colonel, and on the 12th moved out on the Cincinnati Railroad to the town of Sunman, from the vicinity of which we started about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th after the guerrilla raiders, who, preceding us by several hours, burned the bridge over the Whitewater River at Harrison, on the Ohio line, This arrested our advance, and, leaving Hobson's cav-alry to follow, we marched to Lawrenceburg, on the Ohio River, on the next day, the 14th. It was near there the incident in question occurred. rumor was started in the evening that Morgan had changed his course and was heading for Lawrence-burg, and would burn the town and endeavor to cross the river at that place. The bells rang, the stores closed, and women shricked and started for

made up of a church, blacksmith shop, cooper shop, and two or three dwellings. On our right was an old disused canal, on our left a cornfield. Here the command to halt was given, as we were afterwards told, but in such an indistinct tone that none but the leading company heard it. My company was C. Not hearing the order, the rear and center companies closed up on the head of the command, and then came that terrible recoil, which undrilled troops marching in column experience when the order to halt is not understood or promptly obeyed. In-stantly we were in confusion and panic-stricken. It seemed that we divided about equally on each side of the pike. Those on the right ran over against those on the canal, and facing about saw in the misty darkness the remainder of the column by the cornfield on the left. Supposing they were organ's men, they fired. I was on the left, and, thinking we were attacked from the canal bank, we returned the fire. Perhaps every man in the regi-ment fired once, and some reloaded and fired again. I was scared, Mr. Editor—so badly scared, I didn't have instinct enough to run. My canteen at the left side was shot off, and a splinter whizzed past my right ear, swelling it to the thickness of my hand the next day. If I thought about anything, I sup-pose I thought I ought to shoot. I recollect trying big fellow jammed against me on the left, and, staggering me, kept me from aiming. I pulled the trigger however, for I saw the flash of the cap. The gun did not go off, as I afterwards discovered, but supposing it was discharged—if I supposed anything—I rammed another load down. We were armed with big Dutch muskets that seemed to weigh about twenty pounds before they were loaded, and if that gun had gone off at the second trial there would have been a vacant chair in the family circle. About this time we began to hear the command, "cease firing," and the most agile leap of my life was over the cornfield fence, by which I lay until the stray shots were all over. I do not know the easualties of this false alarm. We

Will Col. Shryock, or some other officer or mem ber of the One Hundred and Fifth Legion, explain, through the columns of THE TRIBUNE, the cause of this lamentable affair and the circumstances meeted with it, how many were killed and how many wounded, and why we marched out under the false impression that we were liable to be attacked at any time.

heard there were seven killed and twenty-two

wounded. My first lieutenant, Samuel Rewsey, was shot in the foot, and one of the men of my company, Daniel Darrish, in the knee, disabling him

I do not know that anybody was to blame. The observations and ideas of a badly frightened, un-disciplined farmer boy of such an event, transpir-ing in the darkness of night, must of necessity be both limited and obscure; but, although I enlisted in the volunteer service in a few months thereafter and served nearly two years, the false alarm at Hardenberg during the Morgan raid made a deeper impression on my mind than any subsequent incident of the war. MARION, KAN. FRANK DOSTER.

The D-d Western Brigade at Morris Island.

On reading in THE TRIBUNE the communication of a comrade of company E, Sixty-second Ohio vol-unteer infantry, about Morris and Folly Island, it immediately occurred to me that I was there, too, and I was reminded of the part played by the regi-ment to which I belonged in helping to build the Swamp Angel battery. Well do I remember the me to harry up, a bullet entered his brain, and he, with many others, met his death among the burning trees.

MARTIN V. HARGBOVE, Late Orderly Serg't, Co. E, 23d N. J. Vols.

J. A. MATHER, ALPENA, MICH.

The Fall of Arkansas Post.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of June 21st, Comrade E. H. Mitchel. of Sidney, Ioa., requested some comrade to give his the Second Corps never had the reputation of run-ning away from the enemy.

I should like to hear from some of the boys of

surgeon to the Twenty-second Kentucky infantry, which was engaged in that expedition, and in a letter to my family on the 13th of January, 1863, I battery D. First New York artillery, Captain Wins- wrote: "Our forces left this rendezvous at the mouth of White River on the 8th, the date of my

The following extracts also bear upon the same band pieces it was the music of the field pieces and | event; On board steamboat J. C. Swan, 12 m .- I small arms that we now heard. A horseman came have been detailed for duty on this hospital bout for dashing up to Captain Winslew, and the next mo- the wounded of General Morgan's division, who are ment lke Swarthout, our bugler, sounded "Hitch | now being brought in, many having lain all night and harness," and in less than five minutes were on the battlefield. The numbers prove to be much oded the calls, "Drivers prepare to mount," greater than it was at first thought they would bunt," "Forward, march," "Cannoniers, be, and many of the wounded are frightful to look

alry were ever more courteous towards each other in kindly inquiries as to their personal welfare. Had they been brothers in blood they could not have been more so. The incident was a lesson to me. They had been hurling shot and shell at each other for ten hours with must demoniae fury, and yet under a little bit of white bunting they were jolly good friends. I recalled to my mind a speech of one of the potentates in the 'Vision of Judgment': 'I ne'er mistake you for a personal foe;

Our difference is political. "My written memoranda sustains at all points the recollections of Comrade Mitchel. I extend to him my earnest and hearty greetings," B. F. STEVENSON. Surg. 22d Ky, inf.

The Affair of Yellow Bayon.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have been waiting in vain for some member of our old brigade to write something about the Red River campaign. Our brigade consisted of the One Hundred and Nineteenth, Fifty-eighth, and One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois, Twenty-first Missouri, Eighty-ninth Indiana, and Ninth Indiana battery, and was the First brigade, Third division, Sixteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Moore. I will endeavor to give you a short sketch of the battle of Yellow Bayou, May 18, 1864. In the morning, about 11 o'clock, our brigade

crossed Yellow Bayou on pontoons, and moving by the flank marched up Bayou de Glaise under com-mand of Colonel David Moore, of the Twenty-first Missouri—old "Peg Leg," as the boys used to call him. After going a mile on double-quick we halted, when the shells from the enemy's guns suddenly apprised us that the ball had opened. The brigade advanced about a mile and took position in line of battle, with the Fifty-eighth Illinois, Eighty-ninth Indiana, and Twenty-first Missouri on the left and the One Hundred and Nineteenth and One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois on the right.

In that position we lay in line of battle for some time, while a terrible artillery fire from the en-emy's batteries was brought to bear on the Ninth Indiana battery, plowing up the earth about the battery and strewing the ground with limbs cut by cannon balls from the large oaks. The minie balls also begining to come thick and fast among our

ranks at this time, General Mower came up and ordered us forward, whereupon the brigade sprang to their feet, and, with fixed beconets, charged and drove the enemy back, inflicting severe punish-ment. Let me mention here that it was in this charge that Captain Gifford, of the Eighty-ninth Indiana, fell while leading his men on to victory. Having fallen back out of the heavy oak timber and taken position in the open field, the brigade was reformed in line of battle. A thick cluster of inderbrush in front obscured our view of the position of the enemy. In the meantime, the artillery fire was becoming incessant. The old oaks taking fire from the explosion of shells and the limbs tumbling down presented a scene terrible beyond description. It was in this position that we were ordered to double charge our guns with canister to keep the rebels back till our line was formed with ing their forces on the Cartersville road west of the fixed bayonets, when, in obedience to orders, the on the pike leading east, and soon after my regi-ment followed. When about three miles out we arrived at the little hamlet of Hardenburg, was from hand to hand, bayonets being freely used.

The skirmish line fell back in order, con-desperately, and in many instances the fighting was from hand to hand, bayonets being freely used.

Our eyes to the southeast and beheld a heavy force desperately, and in many instances the fighting was from hand to hand, bayonets being freely used.

After a desperate struggle we took the rebel position and drove them from the field with great our left and forced it blick. The whole rebel force, slaughter, capturing many prisoners, While we were in this position a comrade with a load of ammunition drove up in our rear. Just then a cannon ball came tearing along taking his wagon-cover off, but leaving him still sitting in his position without having received a scratch. The wagon was set on fire. If he is still living, I would like to hear from him. Will some one of our old brigade

tell us about one or more of the many battles we fought, and oblige an old comrade.

G. W. McKinsey, KOKOMO, IND. 9th Ind. Battery.

The Battle of Spring Hill, Tenn, To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Having been furnished by some kind friend with several numbers of The Tribune, I found it to be the best soldiers' paper in the United States and just the one I wanted. I have become a subscriber and would advise every old soldier to do likewise.
The communication by R. C. Brown, Sixty-fourth
O. V. I., in TRIBUNE, June 21, concerning Hood's
campaign in Tennessee, stirs my blood by bringing vividly to my mind some of the scenes he so truthfully describes. I was a member of company F, One Hundred and Twentieth Indiana volunteer infantry, and belonged to Cox's division, Twenty-third Army Corps. General Cox believed he had as good a division as could be found, and he moved us around so rapidly that, we gained the name of "Cox's cavalry." We were at Pulaski, Tenn., when Hood was marching on Columbia, but by a forced march, we gave him a hard race, and just before entering Columbia, we obliqued through the fields and came out on the same road the rebs were on, just ahead of him, and then the fight of Coon, just ahead of him, and then the fight of Columbia began. A day or two after we were in this fight we crossed by the bridge Comrade Brown speaks of as a burning bridge. Our regiment, One Hundred and Twentieth Indiana, Colonel A. W. Prather, was detailed as guards for the wagon train, and on reaching Spring Hill, we were compelled to halt and fight; we took wood rails or whatever we could get to make hasty works; threw out a strong skirmish line, and saw the rebel cavalry form to charge us. On they came, driving our skirmishers, riding over some, and had nearly surrounded us. when an officer came and asked our colonel if he could hold them five minutes. Our colonel replied that he could hold them as long as he had a man left, for his boys would stay. The officer replied that a division of the Fourth Corps were coming double-quick to our relief, and directly we heard a report from the rear, and looking back beheld the prettiest sight my eyes ever beheld: A line of blue conts, shoulder to shoulder, with firm step, eyes to the front, and a look of determination on the men's foots, that was calculated to stulk to stulk to stulk the start that were calculated to stulk to stul faces that was calculated to strike terror to their enemies. On, right on, they went after the retreating rebs, and we were saved. "They reached Spring Hill not a minute too soon," says Comrade Brown. How true! We were then ordered back to our wagon train, and saw troops approaching from that direction; we formed in line of battle,

CLAREMONT, ILL. Co. F, 120th Ind. V. I.

and our brave major went forward to ascertain

whether they were friends or foes, and when he

The Fight at Brice's Cross-Roads. To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: ment to which I belonged in helping to build the Swamp Angel battery. Well do I remember the sand bags we used to carry, and the calls from our lookouts to "cover." Especially do I remember that one dark and stormy night, when I was about balf way over the narrow corduroy, with a bag partly full of sand on my shoulder, I heard the call of the lookout, and started as fast as I could for cover in the fort. And I did reach cover, but not in the fort. Where then? Why, I lost my balance, and the calls for our in the account given of the War," there is an carry in the account given of the troops engaged at Brite in the call of "Chronology of the War," there is an carry in the account given of the troops engaged at Brite in the call of "Chronology of the War," there is an carry in the account given of the troops engaged at Brite in the call of "Chronology of the War," there is an carry in the account given of the troops engaged at Brite in the call of the bead of "Chronology of the War," there is an carry in the account given of the troops engaged at Brite in the call of the part of the troops engaged at Brite in the account given of the troops engaged at Brite in the account given of the troops engaged at Brite in the account given of the troops engaged at I was seventeen years on that day, and I then the head of "Chronology of the War," there is an carry in the account given of the troops engaged at I was seventeen years on that day, and I then the head of "Chronology of the War," there is an carry in the account given of the troops engaged at I was seventeen years on that day, and I close they attempted to see another brithaty-ninth leave the series of the war may be a carry in the account given of the troops engaged at I was the Seventh illinois and the Thirty-ninth leave they attempted to see another brithaty on the beat of DEAR SIR: In THE TRIBUNE of June 7th, under cover in the fort. And I did reach cover, but not in the fort. Where then? Why, I lost my balance, and the sand bag and myself "covered" in the marsh—or, rather, the marsh covered the sand bag and myself "sovered the sand bag and soldier as ever drew a saber, and who was promoted to be a brigadier-general. The Third was commanded by colonel Noble, the Fourth by Lieut.—Colonel Peters, and the Tenth by Lieut.—For three long hours clouds of darkness had mantled the close of the war, and was commanded by the breach. They passed over their already beaten road, stained with blood. Again they charged up to crush the Sparfan band. It was now 1 o'clock. For three long hours clouds of darkness had mantled the command was every moment the darker. The command was every moment grow—for the command was

DELPHI, IND. Thanks to Comrade Ballard for the correction. Winslow's brigade, as he says, was composed of the Third and Fourth Iowa and Tenth | tattered and blood-washed banners triumphantly Missouri. If the Seventh Kansas was there it over this field of death, but at a terrible cost. As is not credited on the battle lists of that regi-ment. As we have before said, we do not vouch for the correctness of the Chronology as to recollections of the capture of Arkansas Post. I was | for the correctness of the Chronology as to

The Twentleth Corps Again. To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have waited for some member of the Second brigade, Third division, to speak in its defense. The honors of capturing the battery at Resaca, Ga., have been claimed by the Second division, and also by the First brigade, Third division. Now, I want it put on record that the Second brigade, Third division, came in for a share of the honors. The Second brigade was composed of Western men, too, viz.: Twenty-second Windows, in, Eighty-fifth and Thirty-third Indiana; included by in Coburn, of the Thirty-third Indiana, Colonel Gibert, of the Nineteenth Michigan, was mortally wounded in that charge on the 15th of May, and the captain of company I fell at the very mouth of one of the guns, as well as scores of other brave boys. I am willing to share the honors with all who were engaged in that charge and capture of the battery, for it was the turning point in the three-day's battle, and required bravery and fighting qualities of truest type. Hopers of Capacidas Francisco and Wells will require the ing Comrades Engomar and Wells will receive the foregoing in the same kind and fraternal spirit it is written, I remain, GEO. B. CRANDALL, Co. D. 19th Mich,

Parson Brownlow's Daughter.

essary munitions of war, was on the north side of the Chattahoochee River, moving northward. Never before in the history of the war had there been such a succession of vexatious events. The bridge over the Chattahoochee had been washed away in a storm, Forrest had severed communica-tions between Chattanooga and Nashville, drift-wood had leveled the bridge spanning the Oostanaula River at Resaca, and a large body of rebel cavalry held Big Shanty. Such was the situation on Monday morning. It was apparent to Sherman that Hood would throw a considerable force against the weak garrison at Alatoona Pass, where were stored over 2,000,000 rations, and he knew if these were taken his men would be in a perilous position.
Signaling from the summit of Kenesaw, thirty
miles across the country, to General Corse, commanding at Rome, he directed him to take all his
available force to Alatoona Pass, and hold it against all opposition until he (Sherman) could arrive with help. In compliance with these orders, General Corse, with the Twelfth Illinois infantry and Colonel Rowlett's brigade, consisting of the Seventh. Fifteenth, and Fifty-Seventh Illinois infantry, and the Thirty-ninth Iowa infantry, in all about 1,500, took the cars for Alatoona, where they arrived late in the night and found one division of Hood's army, commanded by General French, already surrouning the place. The train that carried Corse and his 1,500 might have been checked, but the enemy saw the train approaching and permitted it to pass in unmolested, thinking it was a train from Chattanooga loaded with supplies for Sherman's army. and would, therefore, make a fine addition to their game, which, with their overwhelming force, they considered as good as captured. As soon as the train moved through the pass the regiment leaped General Corse and Colonel Rowlett soon formed their battle lines, making all necessary dispositions of their forces for the threatened battle, after which the men were ordered to lie down upon the ground to rest, but it was "a night before the battle," when soldiers cannot rest. Men are hurrying to and fro; their voices are hushed, for thought is busy with them all; they are thinking of the coming strife—thinking whether they will live to see the old Union's battle-flag float over these hills triumphant—thinking of the tokens of grief which will be unfolded in memory of those who will lie down to sleep the sleep which knows no waking ere the sun sinks again behind the western hills. The rebels were at work all night preparing for the assault. In the morning, companies E and H, commanded by Captain Smith, were deployed forward on a skirmish line down the railroad south of the depot. A demand for General Corse to surrender was made by General Trench, who said, " have Alatoona surrounded by a superior force, and to stay the needless effusion of blood I demand your surrender." General Corse replied, "I am prepared for the needless effusion of blood."

OPENING THE BALL.

Firing soon commenced upon the skirmish line

from the south, and directly a rebel battery opened

with grape and canister upon our line, killing one manbelonging to company H, (Private John Etter-lain,) who was the first to fall in Alatoona's great battle. About 10 o'clock we discovered the enemy massrailroad. Colonel Rowlett, perceiving that the main six thousand strong, now swept on to the Alatoona hills. The Seventh Illinois and the Thirty-ninth I now stood like a wall of fire in the outer works, to the right and left of the Cartersville road. The storm broke upon them in all its mad fury, the Seventh struggling against the reckless rush of the infuriated rebels, who swarmed towards their infuriated rebels, who swarmed towards their front. The sixteen-shooters did their work well; the very air seemed to grow faint as it breathed their lurid flame. Colonel Rowlett, soon after the first onset, discovered a rebel regiment charging on the right flank from the northwest, threatening to sweep it back like so much chaff. Captain Smith, with company F, was ordered to stem the tide in that direction. In a moment he doubled into confusion this rebel regiment. It was soon discovered that it would be madness to attempt to hold the weakly constructed outer works. hold the weakly constructed outer works. A retreat was ordered. The Seventh and Thirty-ninth Iowa fell back slowly. Rebel shot filled the air everywhere. Men were falling, and the ground was covered with the dead and dying. Colonel Rowlett was taken to the fort wounded, but presently rallied, however, and vigorously entered into the fight. The forts were reached by a fearful sacrifice. Colonel Rowlett, with the Seventh and a few companies of the Thirty-mith Iowa, were now in the fort west of the railread. Colonel Tourtellotte, with the Ninety-third Illi-nois and Fiftieth Illinois (Colonel Hanna's old half hundred) took possession of the fort east of the railroad. General Corse took his position in the fort with Colonel Rowlett's brigade, where seemed to be the main drift of battle. The retreat into the forts and the necessary dispositions were all per-formed in a moment—performed amid fire and smoke, while noble men were dying. The hurried retreat into the fort seemed to encourage the rebels. On, with flendish yells, they came, rushing to els. On, with fiendish yells, they came, rushing to the breach. Over the hills and up the ravines they charged. It was now hand to hand, man to man. Colonel Rowlett and his men fought desperately. General Corse was wounded. He had been fighting manfully, and contending against fearful odds. Fainting from loss of blood, he fell back upon the blood-stained ground. It was now 10:30 o'clock. Colonel Rowlett assumed command. His first order was to send for Colonel Hanna and his tilelf hundred." He knew they were true as steel. By the severe fire from the fort west of the railroad, the enemy's lines were broken. Colonel Hanna now cut his way to Rowlett's fort. Crossing the railroad near the depot, he struck the enemy while attempting to burn the warehouse containing the rations, to desperation, attempted to cross the defenses. but were driven back in wild confusion. But they found that they were a part of our army we were | rallied again, preparing for a third charge. Again |

they rushed on to engage in the awful work of car-Closer and closer the determined rebels came. Many had fallen. The Seventh, with their six-teen-shooters, which had been the main depend-ence, were now running short of ammunition, and The Seventh, with their sixteen-shooters, performed a terrible work of death. The enemy was driven from the Alatoona hills like chaff before the winds of heaven, and the battle of Alatoona was over. Corse, Rowlett and Tourtellotte flung their

An Old Controversy and a New One.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I see that some of my old comrades are disputing as to who recaptured the De Gres battery, July 22d, 1864, and I think I can settle their dispute with a very few lines. .The Second brigade, Second division, Sixteenth Army Corps, commanded by Colo-nel Mersy, and the Second brigade, Fourth division, iffeenth Army Corps, were one and the same. The Second division, Sixteenth Army Corps, was consolidated into the Fourth division, Fifteenth Army Corps, while on the Sherman campaign, about the time we were at Kingston, Ga. It was composed of the Ninth, Twelfth and Sixty-sixth llinois, and the Eighty-first Ohio infantry, at one time. The Ninth Illinois were mounted and left us in 1863, I think. Now, the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Army Corps can both claim the honors and not rob the regiments or individuals that partici-pated in that glorious achievement. L. Shadley while in the lands of the enemy. Now, if this is so, the the Sixty-sixth Illinois infantry, Captain Boyd commanding, was the enemy. I have been having an argument with an old Confederate, who was in the engagement with the Sixty-sixth Illinois at Resaca, when we drove them from the grave-yard, across the bridge, and at Rome cross-roads, when they drove us about the same distance across a plowed field. Now, he claims that we made better time over plowed rear pell-mell and almost blocking the road. Capt. Where can I find the song "Parson Brownlow's Daughter?" I notice that you give the date of the skirmish at Dociphan, Mo., in your chronology as April 4, 1862. It occurred, I think altogether out of place: "In consequence of the heavy losses of the Twently-second Kentucky Just after passing the Chamcellorsville House we were sent out six miles on the double-quick to of the heavy losses of the Twently-second Kentucky Just after passing the Chamcellorsville House we made to a sudden halt, throwing the cannoniers from their seats on the limber chests. A part of a battery was coming out, having left some of their Where can I find such a record? In the meantime, while I am scarching, if all the eye-witnesses that were there will tell us what they know about it, it may help some. He says that if I can prove by competent witnesses that one of our boys stopped

in that heat and chased a speckled rooster three times around a brick house before he caught it, he will cave in. He says he has no doubt but that we got all the chiekens that were there, but does not believe a Yankee ever chased one so far as three times around a house before capturing said rooster. Now, as this is a serious business, I will call on the Second brigade to come forward and settle this for me through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. Now, Mr. Editor, do not consign this to the waste basket, because this conceiled old reb claims that I was one of those that made such good time to the I was one of those that made such good time to the

BENTON HARBOR, MICH. CORPORAL JONES.

How a Pass From Grant Opened the Road to Temporary Fortune.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the spring of 1864, while on special service in the district provost-marshal's office at Vicksburg, Miss., I came in contact officially with one of the queerest characters and most brazen adventurers the war produced. The lapse of time has erased from my memory the name of the hero of this sketch, but he was a corporal in some Indiana regiment, and for the present purpose I will call him Jones. Up to the surrender Jones was doing full duty with his company, but he had an idea, and this idea worked and rankled in his bosom until his proud soul revolted against the daily drudgery of camp life. In short, Jones yearned to be released from service and engage in some lucra-tive business speculation. One day when he was corporal of the guard at or near General Grant's headquarters, and while he was sauntering leisurely up and down in front of the guard quarters, he found himself face to face with General Grant and Adjutant-General Rawlins, of his staff. "See here, corporal," said the general, "get on that horse, ride over to Colonel ——'s tent, and deliver this packet." "But, general, the guards over there won't let me through," said Jones. Gen. Grant took out his note book, tore out a page, and wrote on it. "Guards pass Corporal Jones.—U. S. Grant, major-general." That night Jones was the happinest man in the Army of the Tennessee. He went up and down in front of the guard quarters, he found est man in the Army of the Tennessee. He went back to his regiment and reported to his officers that General Grant had selected him as a special detective to work up heavy cases, and that hereafter some one else must carry his gun and knapsack. Green with envy, his comrades crowded around him and gazed open-mouthed and with bated breath at his pass and its awe-inspiring sig-nature. Jones at once laid aside his uniform and accourrements and donned a nobby suit of citizens' clothing. He swaggered around the hotels, ogled the rebel women, looked owl-like and mysterious, and even imposed on the provost marshal of the district with his pass and a brass star. As soon as General Grant left Vicksburg he attacked business in earnest, hiring all the idle negroes that could be induced to work, and setting them to gathering and packing rags and lead. By March, 1864, he had made a profit of over \$20,000 on his transac-tions in debris gathered from the innumerable camps around Vicksburg. He boarded at the best hotel, wore a diamond pin, and sported a splendid team of imported blacks. But presently rags be-gan to get alarmingly scarce, and Jones yearned for more worlds to conquer and for fresh fields of enterprise. Being in excellent luck, he had not long to wait. The little Vicksburg theater lost its lessee and manager and our hero stepped into the breach and became an operatic impressario.

The unbounded "gall" of Jones is shown by a little incident which happened about the time he opened his theater. Needing some attractive talent

in the way of prima donne and ballet girls, he called on the Post Q. M., and on the plea of working up an immense smuggling case, actually pro-cured transportation to New York and return for himself and such men and women as he might wish to bring back with him. He went to New York, secured a full corps de ballet, a number of actors and actresses, and brought them back to Vicksburg at Government expense. But, as they san in dime novels, the avenger was on his track, rag business and theater he was fast getting rich and was becoming excessively overbearing and arrogant. It was always a sacred custom in Vicksburg to deadhead into places of amusement every one connected with the provost-marshal's office, from the colonel down to Tom, the janitor, and so firmly was this custom fixed that many evenings the very best seats were occupied by the provostmarshal's crowd, while paying auditors were standing in the lobbies. But Jones favored reform, and one evening, the occasion being the benefit of M'lle Galletonetti, he tacked up a shingle just where the eyes of the boys must rest as they came up stairs, which bore the unpleasant legend: "Free List Suspended." This set the whole department by the ears. A council of war was held, and, as a result, General Slocum, post commander, received the following letter:

"GENERAL: Jones, who runs the theater, picks rags, and sports a diamond pin, is a common corporal of the —th Indiana regiment, and remains away from his regiment on a pass from General Grant, written on a fly leaf with pencil, for temporary use only, while his poor comrades are fighting in the Bod Divergence.

ing in the Red River country, &c. "GEO, C. R., and others." "GEO. C. R., and others."

Like an avenging Nemesis, Gen. Slocum pounced upon Joses and his diamond pin. The ballet and prima donne wept, the blooded horses were put into a battery, and Jones became "fresh fish" for the inmates of the military prison. As soon as arrangements could be made, a mournful procession left the Vicksburg jail in the following order: 1st, file of soldiers; 2d, Corporal Jones; 3d, another file of soldiers; 4th, carriage containing assistant provost marshal and two clerks. Slowly and sadly the procession marched down to the levee, where the steamer "Uncle Sam" lay waiting to bear Jones to his regiment. It is needless to say that Jones' rag warehouse and theater both bore on the door panel the legend: "For Rent." C. A. K., 14th Illinois Inf. PEKIN, ILL.

The Battle of Ream's Station. To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: General Humphreys' "Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865," in describing the battle of Ream's Station of August 25, 1864, states [see page 281] that the Second division "could neither be made to go forward nor to fire" when the First division broke. der was to send for Colonel Hanna and his "half This is not strictly true. When the rebs com menced to shell our position in the afternoon, the Third brigade of the Second division was in the works at the end of the line [the left,] and, as the works were nearly the shape of a horseshoe, the shells came over the works where the First divising to burn the warehouse containing the rations, and in a gallant manner drove him back. He then rushed into Rowlett's fort, but not without heavy loss. The rebels were now preparing for another desperate charge. Reformed, they rushed up like madmen, threatening to crush into dust the gallant fifteen hundred. The hills trembled and the fort was wrapped in fearful flame. Amid dying groans the cannon crashed, sweeping down the groans the cannon crashed, sweeping down the charging rebels. The grand half hundred, the reckless Seventh, the undaunted Fifty-seventh Illinois, and the fiery Thirty-ninth Iowa barricaded the Alatoona walls with steel. The rebels, driven as nearly as I can remember, there were five or six stands of colors with us. The three regiments then charged and retook three pieces of artillery. We went to the right of an old house or barn that stood on the road, and I remember that one of the officers of the battery thanked us for retaking the guns, remarking that it was the second time he had lost them. First Lieutenant John R. Rich was wounded twice—once on the charge, and once when we got to the works. I remember taking my canteen and giving him a drink of water. So I know that that part of the Third brigade did charge. I was seventeen years old that day, and I

Who Shot Away that Signal Flag? To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Seem me about the time one of the members of my offer the Editor National Tribung.

The the Editor National Tribung is an amount of the mirror of the part morning when wereturned to camp.

But enough of this, I think, as my comrade down the time of the editor of the part morning the weeturned to camp.

But enough of this, I think, as my comrade as the move with it and want it as long as the more one all the energy of the editors of my old commands in arms, but often wonder why we don't hear more frequently enough the estern armies. I was a member myself of the battle research armies. I was a member of the battle research armies. I was a member myself of the battle research armies and manned by Cotone, in the methes to the was the father of the battle research armies. I was a dattern the battle research armies of the battle research armies and manned to the section of the design of the count and the tenth of the battle research armies. The color of the members of my was co It seems that there is a dispute about the firing to Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge. The signal was at the foot of the palisades, and half way between the north point of the palisades and the road leading up on Lookout Mountain. Between 9 and 10 o'clock that night a gun was taken out of Tennessee soldier."—C. C. Davis, Co. M. Ninth one of the bomb-proof casements and mounted on top of the casement, and carefully sighted and fired. The shell exploded in apparently the very spot where the signal was seen, and there was no more signaling from there after night,

JAS. FENTON, Company K, 19th Ill. Vol. Inf. PONTIAC, ILL.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade Clark, of the Twenty-second Michigan, is correct in his statement as to the bringing down of the signal flag on Lookout Mountain. Our regi-ment was on the line near Fort Negley, and I know that the fort had no hand in shelling the signal station, as the station was practically out of its range. I was watching the firing from Moccasin Point when the flag was struck.

A. LANE, Late company G, 35th Ohio V. L

LONGMONT, COLO. To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have seen several articles in THE TRIBUNE as to who shot away the rebel flag at Lookout Mountain. Now, to close the matter and give the credit to whom it belongs, I will say that Garrett Lane, company D, One Hundred and Fifteenth Illinois, did it. He was detailed from his regiment and transferred to some battery, because he was known to be a good gunner, at Lookout Mountain. He also took aim at a rebel on horseback, just two miles off, and felled both. Mr. Marshall Hobart, company D, One Hundred and Fifteenth Illinois, was here to see me the other day, and says he re-membered the circumstance almost instantly, for he and Garrett Lane were cronies. Garrett Lane paid a visit to Squire Marshall Hobart, in Fairview, Schuyler county, just before Hobart left for Kansas some years ago, and talked over this very thing.

SAMUEL F. C. GARRISON, EL DORADO, KAN. Chaplain, 40th lowa. As to Stay-at-Home Patriots.

that tried the souls of hundreds of thousands of any foreign or domestic foe in defense of the grand old flag, which they carried through more than a hundred battles, with their old battle cry, "The Union must and will be preserved."

Late Ord. Serg't, Co. M., 10th N. Y. Vol. Cav. FORT MEYER, VA.

The First Amputation of the War.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of June 28th there are some "remin your issue of June 28th there are some "reminiscences of the first battle of the war," in which
the writer says: "The first amputation of the war
was performed by Surgeon New, of the Seventh
Indiana, at this time and place, (Philippi, W. Va.,
June 3, 1861.) upon the leg of a Confederate citizen.

\* \* Will not some one who was present, or
knows of this choice. knows of this shot or amputation, please speak through the columns of THE TRIBUNE?" The Confederate citizen referred to was James E. Hanger, who had driven a load of supplies to the Churchville cavalry, of which two of his brothers were officers. Upon young Hanger's return to the Confederacy, being a youth of great mechanical genius, he invented for himself a wooden leg, and before the close of the war established quite a prosperous business in that line. After the war, the State of Virginia, through its Legislature, awarded him a contract to furnish one thousand wooden legs to the one-legged ex-Confederates in this State, whereupon he removed to the city of Richmond, and is now conducting the manufacture there. He is a liberal-minded, public spirited citizen. I have just sent him a copy of the last number of The Tribune, and he will, no doubt, give his own story of the first amputation of the war for publication in its column. CHURCHVILLE VA.

A LITTLE MORE GRAPE. Fresh Supplies of Ammunition for the Tribune's

Big Guns. "I went out to-day to get subscribers, and succeeded in securing two, for whom please find inclosed \$2. I belong to O. A. Lewis Post, of Ulysses, Pa."—Alonzo E. Wright, Gold, Potter county, Pa. "Inclosed please find \$10 for ten new subscribers, which makes twenty-eight in all that I have sent you. I shall endeavor to obtain more, and think I will have no difficulty, as the paper is well liked here."—Edward Walton, Westfield, Mass.

"Inclosed please find \$1 for another new subscriber, and accept the thanks of Robbins Post for 'Atlanta' and 'The March to the Sea,' just received by mail as premiums for subscriptions sent you."-Edward A. Gordon, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

"Inclosed please find \$5 for five new subscribers. The conrades to which the paper is to be sent are all splendid fellows, but as they are not rich in this world's goods, I make THE TRIBUNE a present to them."—C. M. Bancroft, P. P. C., J. C. McCoy Post,

No. I, Columbus, O. "Inclosed please find 31 for the renewal of my subscription. I would not be without The Tres-une for double its price. I am not a soldier, but am the widow of one and the mother of another, and I gave my loved ones for my country."—Mrs. J. W. Kendall, Osceola, Iowa.

"Inclosed please find 310 for ten new subscribers to THE TRIBUNE. We have a fine Post at this place, with about twenty-five members, and we are all going to Denver, where we expect to have a good time. As a premium send me a Waterbury watch."

-Noah Misider, Culbertson, Neb.

"Inclosed please find \$1 for a new subscriber to THE TRIBUNE. This is the second Ihave sent you. I am slow, but sure. Comrade Thompson, whom Bye to Dixie,' is alive and well and a prosperous farmer in Ohio. His post-office is Jeffersonville. -W. H. Austin, Baylis, Ill.

"Inclosed please find \$1 for a new subscriber. I am a soldier's daughter. My father takes THE TRIBUNE, and I think it the best paper that ever was published. I heard a veteran say lately that the only fault he found with it was that when he received it the could not lay it down without reading it through."-M. R. Lee, Chenango Forks, N. Y

"Inclosed please find \$2 for two new subscribers."
Their subscriptions were unsolicited, but they had read several copies of the paper, and were so well pleased with it that they handed me their subscripions. The Ladies' Auxiliary of this place is not doing much at present, and will not until cool weather. We meet on the first Thursday of each month."—Sarah E. Clark, Wyandotte, Kan.

"Inclosed please find \$1 for a new subscriber. I wish I could send you a thousand, for in my estimation your paper is the best one published for the old soldiers. I hope the National Encampment will elect a Buckeye man as Commander-in-Chief for the coming year. Do you not think it is about time for an Ohio man to have it?"—E. N. Currigan Commander, Leander Stern Post, No. 31, Tiffin

"Inclosed please find \$1 to renew my subscription to THE TRIBUNE. Accept my congratulations on your success in establishing a soldier's paper which so completely fills the bill. It would please me, however, if more attention were given to the navy and naval affairs. The reply to one soliciting subscriptions for The Tribune from sailors, generally is, 'Oh, it's all army—no one cares for the sailor.'"—M. F. Delano, M. D., late A. A. Sur-geon, U. S. Navy, Cochesett, Mass.

"Inclosed please find \$1 for one new subscriber to THE TRIBUNE. We have started a Post at this place with between forty and fifty members, and have nine to muster at our next meeting. We are trying to build up one of the largest Posts in the State, in proportion to our population, and I be-lieve that we shall succeed. I feel that my old friend, THE TRIBUNE, has done as much as any one towards achieving this result."—J. H. Davison, late Co. F, 12th Ill. Cav., Franklin, Neb.

"Inclosed please find \$6 for six new subscribers I am a boy twelve years old, and, besides attending school, procured them all in one day. My father was a soldier for nearly four years, and have become much interested in reading the history of the war, and for this reason want as a premium. The March to the Sen.' About two weeks ago Bennington Post was organized here with twenty-four charter members. My father is Chaplain of

the Post."-James Burnette, Bennington, Kan. "Inclosed please find \$16 for sixteen new sub scribers to The Tribune, mostly members of John Wood Post, No. 96, of this city, which now has a membership of 140, and is mustering new recruits at each meeting. THE TRIBUNE is the paper for all old soldiers. Every one who reads it likes it tone, especially as to pensions and bountles, and the right of the soldier to position in the civil service. As premiums you may send me the Waterbury watch and No. 3 of the campaign series, entitled 'The Peninsula,' "-D. M. Belt, late Co. I, Third N. Y. vols., Quincy, Ill.

"In your list of premiums I saw the annour ment that you would give a Waterbury watch for ten new subscribers, and, as I wanted to increase your list, I send you \$10 for ten new subscribers. I am a soldier's daughter. My father, who is O. D. of McPherson Post, No. 4, of this place, served in the army over four years, and lost his health in the service. He applied for a pension over three years ago, but as yet has not received any. If he does not receive it soon it will not do him much good, for he is getting old and his health is very poor. We take THE TRIBUNE and think it a splen-did paper."—Carrie O. Harrington, Independence

"Inclosed please find \$1 as another contribution towards your 100,000 subscribers. Please send the paper to General James Wilson. The general has been very sick for nearly four months, and while convalescent has been supplied with THE TRIB-UNE for reading matter, and he now wants it 'all for himself.' Gen. Wilson was on Gen. McPherson's staff and was a favorite officer. He was mustered into the service as a captain in the Thirteenth Iowa infantry, and raised to the rank of brigadier general, on his individual worth and merit. May THE TRIBUNE have all such worthy comrades as subscribers and readers."-Charles H. Fish. Newton, Ia.

"Inclosed please find \$1 for a subscriber to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. I have been reading your paper for a long time and think it is the best published for soldiers. Many of the letters are exceedparticipated in the siege of Knoxville, Tenn., and in nearly all the battles in the valley above Knox-ville, after the siege. I was at the light at Mossy Creek, and also in that of Jonesville, Va., and saw some good fighting done by Tennesseeans. We Tennesseeans have never been given credit for the Tenn. cavalry, Midway, Tenn.

"Inclosed please find \$2 for two new subscribers, which makes eighty in all I have sent you since November 7, 1882. For a cripple and an invalid, who can beat that? I will do my best to make your subscription list 100,000 by January, 1884. I will help furnish solid shot. I am amused to see how the boys are stirred up when they think their regiment, brigade, or corps is slighted by comrades in their descriptions of battles or skirmishes. Boys, stop quarreling and send solid shot to The Tribune to defend the orphans and widows and cripples. I had some difficulty in gaining subscribers when I first commenced introducing the paper here, but now the boys run after me with their big dellars."-J. A. Baughman, Washington, Iowa.

"Inclosed please find \$4 for four new subscribers. making fourteen in all. THE TRIBUNE is a paper after my own heart, and I am much interested in seeing how our comrades fight their battles over again with paper bullets, in its columns. Thanks to Lieutenant Fish for refreshing my memory as to some things I had forgotten. I was a member of General Walcutt's brigade of General Harrow's loved General Walcutt was wounded and taken to the rear in an ambulance—not to return again to his command—and I am glad to learn through THE TRIBUNE that he is still living."—Edward Teter, late Sergeant company C, 26th Ill. V. V. I., Carle-

Inclosed please find \$1, for which please send THE TRIBUNE to my step grandpa, who is an exprisoner of Andersonville, Bell Island and Florence. I was not a soldier myself, as I am now only twelve years old, but my papa was, and I am a subscriber to your paper. I will try to raise a good-sized club for THE TRIBUNE. I live in Sevier county, East Tennessee, and I am proud to say that my county voted once I.530 against separation from the Union and one for separation, under Governor Harris, and at the next election (1861) voted 1,730 against leaving the old Union and 62 for sevession. This was always known as the old banner Whig

what the real true soldier suffered, in those days county of Tennessee, having won the silk banner in 1840. Our countrymen stole their way to the Americans at the front, I think they county do too little more liberal. Never can this country do too much for the veterans of the late war, who were she had voters at home, although we live in the south. Such was our devotion to the old Union.—

"Inclosed please find \$7 for seven new subscribers, which makes twenty-eight in all that I have sent you. I hope to obtain as premiums all the war library."—M. Loeushal, Toledo, O.

"Inclosed please find 32 for two new subscribers. My husband, Samuel Graham, though in very poor health, does not allow his interest in your worthy and valuable paper to fing for an instant."—Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, North Lansing, Mich.

"Inclosed please find \$3.75 for the renewal of my obscription and a Waterbury watch. You can count me for a life subscriber to your paper, which is just the thing for the soldier and the soldier's children. I shall be glad to hear from any member of the Twenty-eighth Wisconsin infantry, and especially from a comrade of Co. E, through THE TRIBUNA."-John W. Phoenix, Emmetsburgh, Pa.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE WAR. The Leading Events of the War Arranged by Weekly Anniversaries.

1861. July 16-21. Operations in N. E. Va., by the army under Gen. McDowell. 17. Skirmish at Fairfax C. H., Va., by 18th and 1sth N. Y. inf. 17. Skirmish at Vienna, Va., by 1st Ohio 17. Action at Fulton, Mo., by 3d Mo. inf., (U. S. R. C.)

17. Action at Scarry Creek, W. Va., by George's Co. Ohio cav., Cotter's bat-tery art., and 12th and 21st Ohio inf. 17-19. Skirmish at Parkersville, Mo., by Cass Co. Home Guard cav.

18. Skirmish at Blackburn's Ford, Va., by lst Mass., 12th N. Y., 2d and 3d Mich. inf.; detachments of 2d U. St. cav. and Battery E. 3d U. S. art.

18. Skirmish at Martinsburg, Mo., by Co. A.,
Mo. (U. S. R. C.) cav. Action near Harrisonville, Mo., by Van Hern's battallion of Mo. cav.

21. Skirmish at Charlestown, Va., by 14th Pa. inf. 21. Battle of Bull Run, Va., by 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Me., 2d N. H., 2d Vt., 1st, 5th and 11th Mass., 1st and 2d R. I., 1st, 2d and 3d Conn., 8th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 27th, 29th, 38th, 32d, 38th, 36th, 69th, 71st, 79th, 82d and 84th N. Y., 1st and 2d Ohio, lst, 2d and 3d Mich., 2d Wis., 1st Minn., and detachments of 2d, 3d and 3th U. S. inf. and Co. K, 2d U. S. dragoons: detachments of 1st and 2d U. S. cav.; Batteries G and I. of 1st, A. D. E. G. and M. of 2d, E. of 3d, and D. of 5th U. S. art.; 1st R. I. battery, battery A, Ist R. I., and bat-

22. Action of Marine corps. 22. Action at Forsyth, Mo., by 1st Iowa, 2d Kan., Woods' Kan. Rangers; Cos. C and D, Ist U. S. cav., and section F of 2d U. S. art.

22. Skirmish at Etna, Mo., by 1st Mo. inf. 1862. 17. Skirmish near Gordonsville, Va., by 1st VL cav.

Vt. cav.

17. Action at Cynthians, Ky., by detachments of 7th Ky. cav.; 18th Ky. inf., and Home Guard Cos. from Newport, Cynthians, Ruddells, Mills and Bracken counties, Ky; Cincinnati, Chio, and Capt. Glass' battery art., Col. W. H. Landrum, 19th Ky. inf., com d'g.

18. Action near Memphis, Mo., by detachments of 2d Mo. and 11th Mo. (S. M.)

19-20. Expedition from Frederickshure Beaver Dam Station, Va., by 2d N. Y. Skirmish at Greenville, Mo., by detach-ments of 3d Mo. and 12th Mo. (S. M.)

20. Skirmish at Taberville, Mo., by 5th Kan. Reconnaissance down the Mississippi River and skirmish at Gaines' Land-

ing, Miss. ing, Miss.

21. Occupation of Luray, Va., by 4th N.Y., 6th Ohio cav.; 6sth N.Y., 73d Pa, inf., and 13th N. Y. battery art.

22. Reconnaisance from Luray to White House Ford, Va., by detachments of 4th N. Y. cav. and 73d N. Y. inf.

 Reconnaissance from Luray to Columbia Bridge, Va., by 6th Ohio cav., 73d Pa. inf., and detachm't of 13th N. Y. battery. 22. Action at Florida, Mo., by detachment

of 3d Iowa cav.

23. Skirmish near Carmel Church, Va., by detachments of 2d N. Y. and 3d Ind. 23. Skirmish on the Blackwater, near Co-

lumbus, Mo., by Co. C. 7th Mo. cav. 23. Skirmish at Boie's Farm, Mo., by detachment of 3d Iowa cav.

23-25. Expedition from Helena, Ark., to Cold
Water, Miss., and skirmish at White
Oak Bayou, Miss., by Cos. B and E.
Sth Ind. inf., and detachment of 6th Mio. cav.

16. Jackson, Miss., evacuated by the Confederates.

16. Action at Sheppardstown, Va., by 1st, 4th and 16th Pa., 1st Mc. and 16th N.Y.

16. Skirmish at Secession ville, James Island. S. C., by troops commanded by Brig Gen. Terry; skirmish during siege of Fort Wagner.

17. Engagement at Honey Springs, Elk Creek, Ind. Ter., by 2d, 6th, and 9th Kan. cav., 2d and 3d Kan. batteries, and 2d and 3d Kan. Indian Home

Guards. 18. Engagement at Brandon, Miss., by por-

Engagement at Brandon, Miss., by portion of Gen. Sherman's troops.
 Skirmish at Rio Hondo, New Mexico, by one company of the 1st New Mexico eav.; Indian fight.
 Second assault on Fort Wagner, S. C., by 54th Mass. (colored), 6th Conn., 48th and 100th N. Y., 3d and 7th N. H., 70th Pa., 9th Me., 62d and 67th Ohio vols.
 Action at Wytheville, W. Va., by 34th Ohio vols. and 1st and 2it W. Va. cav.
 Engagement at Canton, Miss., by 2d Wis., 5th Ill., 3d and 4th Iowa eav.; 76th Ohio, 25th and 3ist Iowa, and 3d, 13th and 17th Mo. vols. and a battery

18th and 17th Mo. vois. and a battery of artillery. 18-21. Raid to Tar River and Rocky Mount. N. C., by 3d and 12th N. Y. and let N. C. battery. 19. Engagement at Buffington Island (also known as St. George's Creek), Ohio, by 1st, 3d, 8th, 9th, 11th and 12th Ky., 8th, 9th and 12th Mich., 2d and 7th

Ohio, 14th lil, and 5th Ind. cav.; 45th Ohio and 2d Tenn. mounted inf.; militia and Union gunboats; capture of Morgan's raiders. 21. Action as Manassas Gap, Va., by lst, 2d and 5th U.S. cav., advance cav., Army

21-22. Engagement at Chester Gap, Va., by Sth N. Y., 3d Ind. and 12th BL; ad-vance cav., Army of the Potomae. 22. Skirmish at Concha's Springs, N. M., by one company of New Mexico cav

July 16-17. Engagement at Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Miss., by 72d and 76th Ill. vols., 2d Wis. cav. and 58d U. S. C. T. Engagement at Snieker's Gap, Va., by Army of W. Va. 17. Skirmish at Fredericksburg, Mo., by 2d Colorado cav. 18. Action at Auburn, Ga., by 9th Ohio and 4th Tenn. cav.; Rousseau's raid.

18. Action at Chewa Station, Montgomery and West Point Railroad, Ga., by 8th Ind., 5th Iowa, and 4th Tenn. cav.

18. Engagement at Snicker's Ferry, Island Ford, Shenandoah River, Va., by Army of W. Va., and a portion of the Sixth Corps.

18. Action at Ashby's Gap, Va., by cav. of

Army of W. Va.

19. Action at Darksville, Va., by portion of
the Army of W. Va. 20. Action at Winchester (or Stevenson Depot and Carter's Farm), Va., by 2d cav. div., Army of W. Va. 20. Battle of Pench Tree Creek, Ga., by

Army of the Cumberland.

21. Engagement at Deep Bottom, Va., by Ist div., Tenth Corps, Army of the 21. Skirmish at Henderson, Ky., troops not

22. Battle of Atlanta (Hood's First Sortie), Ga., by Army of the Tenn. General McPherson killed. 22 Skirmish at Vidalia, La., by 6th U. S. colored heavy art. (2d Miss.) 23. Action at Kernstown, Va., by cav. of the

Army of W. Va. Nothing But Flags. [By the late Moses Owen, Bath, Me.] Nothing but flags-but simple flagslattered and torn and hanging in rags; And we walk beneath them with careless tread, Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead That have marched beneath them in days gone by

With a burning cheek and a kindling eye, And have bathed their folds with their young life's tide, And, dying, blessed them; and, blessing, died. Nothing but flags - yet, methinks, at night They tell each other their tales of fright; And dim spectres come and their thin arms twine Round each standard torn as they stand in line!

As the word is given they charge! they form! And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm! And once again through the smoke and strife Those colors lend to a Nation's life.

Nothing but flags—yet they're bathed with tears, They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears; Of a mother's prayers, of a boy away, Of a serpent crushed, of the evening day! Silent, they speak, and the tear will start
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot; Their flags come home-why come they not?

Nothing but flags—yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at these types of death?
Nothing but flags—yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray though the lips be dumbt.
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain.
On those dear loved flags at home again;
Raptized in blood, our purest, best,
Tattered and torn, they're now at rest.